

Shoreline

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Summary: Mulder helps Scully to try and see the better side of things.

Shoreline

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Shorelineby Sheryl Martin

Dana Scully stood on the pier, watching the seagulls soar and dip over the water. A cool sea breeze drifted over her; making her pull her trench coat a little tighter. Her eye caught one particular gull; a grey and black-backed bird who rolled and turned above her in the pale blue sky.

Ã'They found the murder weapon. Nothing for us to get involved in...Ã" Fox Mulder stopped, seeing her gaze far away from the crime scene behind them. He moved up beside her, lightly touching her right shoulder. Ã'Scully?Ã"

Ã'Hmm? I heard...Ã" She continued to stare out over the ocean.

Ã'Are you okay?Ã" He whispered. She nodded.

Ã'I used to sit and watch the sea for hours... it always seemed so beautiful, so peaceful...Ã" She sighed. Ã'Now all I see are the rusted hulks, the junk - the scavengers picking their way through the remains of our society...Ã"

Stepping behind her, Fox put his hands on both shoulders, squeezing them tenderly. Ã'Look out again.Ã" He put his mouth near her ear. Ã'Look again, Scully...Ã" Her eyes closed, then opened again.

The young gull hovered inches above the water; his wings barely

moving as he lifted on the air thermals to the top of the flock. A small fishing boat bobbed across the waves, the hull leaping through the spray as the men joked and laughed. The waves lapped up against the pier, rhythmically hitting the wooden posts. The soft thumping echoed around and under their feet; up through her shoes...

The gull soared up into a cloud; bursting through the whiteness to arc up towards the sun. Off to the left a young boy tossed his line into the water, listening intently to his grandfather as the grizzled senior demonstrated the sizes of past famous catches. A pair of young lovers strolled along the boardwalk; stopping every now and then to hold each other and look out at the double blue of sky and sea.

She leaned back into his touch, closing her eyes again as she took deep breaths of the sea air. A small smile on his face, Fox wrapped his arms around her, taking the full weight of her body on him. Her hands rested atop his.

Ã'See? ItÃ's not so bad...Ã" He murmured.

Ã'Sometimes it is.Ã"

Ã'Then you remember this; remember the feelings you have right now...Ã"

She nodded with a sigh. A minute later she stood upright, rubbing her eyes. Gently pulling his hands away, Dana turned to face him.

Ã'So, whatÃ's next on the list?Ã"

Fox grinned. Ã'IÃ've got this case back at the office...Ã"

*****"If you will practice being fictional for a while, you will understand that fictional characters are sometimes more real than people with bodies and heartbeats."Richard Bach -- "Illusions"

End
file.